

## AND THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL REVIEW.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1863.

ONE PENNY.

### NOTICE.

THE PROPRIETORS BEG TO ANNOUNCE THAT THEY HAVE IN PREPARATION

**A Splendid Two-Page Engraving**

**THE TWELVE CRICKETERS**

WHO HAVE JUST LEFT FOR AUSTRALIA.

**THE JOCKEYS OF ENGLAND.**

No. 2,

**CHALLONER,**

WILL APPEAR IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.

### THE CRICKET SEASON OF 1863.

(WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE "ILLUSTRATED SPORTING NEWS.")

In one of my articles last winter I observed that perhaps there was no county in England in which the game of Cricket had made such rapid strides of late years as Yorkshire, and there can be no doubt of the fact that this remark is even more applicable to the past season than to any other previous one. Truly may it be said that Cricket is monopolising all attention from the

Yorkshiremen, who, always proud and demonstrative at even the slightest modicum of success, are particularly exuberant with delight at the achievements of their county "team" during last summer. And, considering the eleven against whom they have had to contend—the very best in England—their delight is only natural, because, I think, no one will dispute the fact that if any one county holds the pre-eminent position in Cricket for the season of 1863, that county is undoubtedly Yorkshire. True, they have only played four county matches, and, consequently, considering the great uncertainties of the noble game, this may not be considered a fair criterion of their quality; but, then, the comparative results of these matches must be looked at, and it will then be seen that the Yorkshire county "team" deserve all possible praise for the unexampled (except in the case of Nottingham in 1862) success which has attended them throughout the summer, for their first match with Surrey, which unfortunately ended in a draw, there could be no doubt, I think, that had the game been brought to a legitimate termination, they would have come off victorious, as they had only lost runs to rub off and the whole of one innings to do it in. Then their match with the county of Nottingham at Bradford. What a "licking" that was! Why, the Nottingham men were beaten into the world to "wallow." Their turn match, too, with Nottingham, at the Trent Bridge Ground was as near won as possible; and I can only consider it as owing to the uncertainties to which Cricket is at all times so much liable that they really did not win it. As it was, however, they only lost by about five runs, and then not until a most severe fight had been made of it. The last match of the Yorkshire season at Sheffield, with Surrey, was another "win" for them, as they gave their opponents a very clever licking, which, I hope, will take some of the "bounce" out of them for the future. It will thus be seen that the Yorkshiremen won two matches out of the four, one they lost by the merest chance, and the other was drawn when the game was very considerably in their favour, so that any praise which may be given them for the success of their achievements is by no means undeserved. George Anderson (gent) stands at the head of the averages for the season, followed by "bold Roger," "Ted" Stevenson, Rowbotham, Mr. Wand, &c., in the order named. I shall give the full averages of the Yorkshire "team" next week, with some further particulars with respect to "them and theirs," which cannot fail to interest my readers. In the meantime, however, I may observe that the bowling and fielding of the Yorkshire Eleven throughout the season has been of as high, if not higher, a quality as their batting. Slim and like

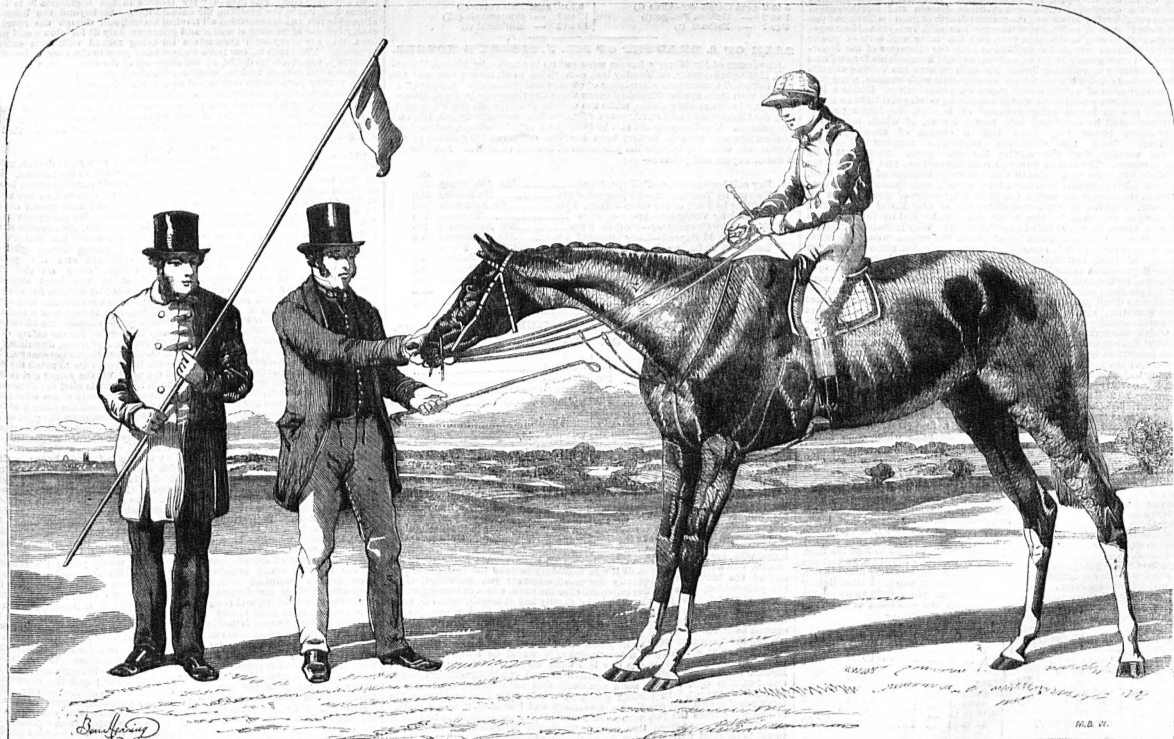
Hodgson, and I may add George Atkinson (about whom more anon), and Iddison, with his "peculiars," have been very successful. Perhaps there are no three bowlers in England who are so invariably on the spot as those named. I have seen good hard-hitting batters in for three-quarters of an hour at a time against them for about a dozen runs. Scarcely a ball in every over but was right at the middle stump and impossible to get away. Iddison, too, has bowled very splendidly through the season, his slow having made him have among his opponents, the Nottingham men especially. If I remember rightly, Richard Duff, out of four innings, has been bowled twice or thrice by him, and this feat is, without doubt, one which may be boasted of in the highest terms. Then, Roger has done some of the smartest things in the field—principally at point—I have seen. He has a wonderfully sharp eye, and is as nimble on his pins as a young antelope, and his return to the wicket is as marvellously quick as it is unerringly true. Very truly may the Yorkshiremen be proud of "our Roger." George Anderson, E. Stephenson, Rowbotham, Slim, Thewlis, and Mr. Wand have also fielded in first-rate form, and it is to this that their success may, in a great measure, be accounted.

Next week I shall resume my observations about Yorkshire, and shall have something to say respecting the dispute between the Yorkshire County Club and George Atkinson.

CRICKETER.

**SEIZURE OF UNCLEAN SALMON.**—A question of some importance is about to be brought before a Radnorshire bench of magistrates, as to the right of conservators to seize unclean salmon taken by anglers at a time when angling for salmon is lawful. A gentleman who rents a fishery on the Tyne, took last month a salmon of some 12lb or 15lb, which he sent to a friend. On the journey it was stopped by a vigilant officer of a district Fisheries Protection Association, who seized the fish and has summoned its captor to answer for its possession before the magistrates of the district in which it was taken.

**SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.**—We have just been shown a large thick wire hook which was taken out of the stomach of a cod-fish a few weeks ago, after being caught by Mr. William Cuthbertson, of North Sunderland Sea Houses. The hook is weighted with a piece of lead quantity cut in the shape of a fish, with fins, scale marks, eyes, &c., complete. The hook weighs 3½ oz., and measures from end to end 10½ in.; at the bend the hook is 2½ in. across. The fish weighed about fourteen pounds. Altogether this hook is as singular an article as any ever taken from the stomach of a cod-fish.—*Newcastle Journal.*



**"IT'S THAT CHESNUT WITH THE WHITE FACE AND LEGS THAT WON'T START."**

(AN ORIGINAL DRAWING BY BEN HERRING, ESQ.)













YOUNG BEN CAUNT.

(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BONNER)

Mr. Editor.—Allow me to say a word or two on the £3,000 affair:—  
King, in Cornwall, is decidedly the favourite. All speak well of him; and  
can tell you that he has their good wishes. We here, in Gwineas, are King's  
men all over. Success to him.—Yours truly, Rd. Reynolds.





